

JUST BE GLAD.
O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so.
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know.
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again.
If it blow,
We have erred in that dark hour
We have known.
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone.
Were not shame and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.
For we know not every sorrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.
—Riley.

THE HEART'S STORY
I will not doubt, though all my ships at
sea
Come drifting home with broken masts
and sails,
I will believe the hand which never
fails
From seeming evil work good for me;
And though I weep because those sails
are tattered,
Still I will cry while my best hopes are
shattered.
"I trust in Thee."
I will not doubt, though all my prayers
return
Unanswered from the still white realms
above,
I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused the things for which
I yearn,
And though at times I cannot keep from
grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though sorrows fall
like rain,
And troubles swirl like bees about
to live,
I will believe the heights for which I
strive
Are only reached by anguish and by
pain.
And though I groan and writhe beneath
my crosses,
I yet shall see through my severest
losses
The greater gain.

I will not doubt, well anchored in this
faith,
Like some staunch ship my soul braves
every gale,
So strong its courage will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of
death.
Oh! may I cry, though body parts with
spirit,
"I do not doubt!" so listening ears may
hear it
With my last breath.

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My Strangest Case
BY GUY BOOTHBY.
Author of "The Kidnapper," "The Heart
of a Hero," "The Heart of a Heroine,"
"The Heart of a Heroine," etc.
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"This is a somewhat remarkable
case," he said. "I will mention no
names, but doubtless you can read
between the lines. There was a man
who murdered his wife in order that
he might marry another woman. The
thought which he gave to it, and the
clever manner in which he laid his
plans, not only for the murder but
also for the disposal of the body,
marked him as a criminal in the
possession of a singularly brilliant
intellect. He gave no hint to anybody,
but left the country without leaving
the faintest clue concerning his
destination behind him. I was called
in to talk over the case, but after
some consideration could make nothing
of it. I have no objection to admit-
ting that I was completely baffled.
Now it so happened that I dis-
covered that the man's mother was
of Irish extraction. He, believing
that he would be safe on that island,
engaged a passage on board a steam-
er from Havre to Belfast. She was
to pick up at Southampton, Plym-
outh and Bristol, en route. My
man, who, by the way, was a very
presentable person, and could be dis-
tinctly sociable when he pleased, en-
deavored to make himself agreeable
to the passengers on board. On the
first evening out of port, the con-
versation turned upon the value of
diamonds, and one of the ladies on
board produced some costly stones
she happened to have in her posses-
sion. The murderer, who, you must
understand, was quite safe, was un-
happily eaten up with vanity. He
could not forego the boast that he
was the possessor of a magnificent
ring, which had been given him by
an Emperor Napoleon III. Need-
less to say this information excited
considerable interest, and he was
asked to produce it for the general
edification.

"He declared that it was too late
to do so that evening, but said that
he would do so on the morrow, or, at
any rate, before he left the vessel.
In the excitement of reaching South-
ampton, the matter was for the mo-
ment forgotten, but on the day that
they arrived in Plymouth one of the
lady passengers reminded him of his
promise. This was followed by an-
other application. Thus surrounded,
the unhappy man found himself in
the unpleasant position of being dis-
covered in the perpetration of an un-
truth, or of being compelled to in-
vent some feasible tale in order to
account for his not being able to pro-
duce the ring. It was at this juncture
that he made his great mistake.
Anxious doubtless to attract atten-
tion, he returned to his cabin with
the astounding declaration that the
look had been forced, and the famous
ring stolen from his trunk in which
it had lain concealed. He certainly
saw his part well, but he did not
realize to what consequence it would
lead. The matter was reported to
the police, and a search was made
through the vessel. The passengers
were naturally indignant at such
treatment, and for the rest of the
voyage the man found himself talk-
ing what you English call 'the cold
shoulders.' He reached Belfast, made
his way into the country, and proce-
edingly settled down. Later on, when
the pursuit had died down, it was his
intention to ship for America, where
he was to be joined by the woman,
to whom he had in the first

place committed the crime. Now ob-
serve the result. Photographs of the
missing man and of the murdered
woman were circulated all through
France, while not a few were sent
to England. One of these pictures
reached Plymouth, where it was
shown to the officer who had investi-
gated the case on the boat on its
way to Ireland. He immediately
recognized the man who had made
the charge against his fellow-passen-
gers. After that it was easy to trace
him to Belfast and his hiding-place
on land. Extradition was of course
granted, and he left the place. Had
he not imagined that in his safety
he could indulge his vanities, I could
easily believe I should never have
found him. When you come to think
of it, it is hard to come to the con-
clusion for a diamond that never ex-
isted, is it not?"

I agreed with him, and then sug-
gested that we should assume our-
selves by endeavoring to find out
how the matter at the Cafe des Am-
bassadeurs was progressing.
"They will proceed to a theater
afterwards, you may be sure," my
companion said. "In that case if you
like we could catch a glimpse of them
as they come out. What do you say?"

I answered that I had not the least
objection.
"One night does not make much
difference. To-morrow morning I
shall make a point of meeting him
face to face."

"Should you require any assist-
ance then, I shall be most pleased to
give it to you," my companion re-
plied.
I thanked him for his offer, and
then we left the restaurant together,
hailing a cab, and drove to his flat.
He insisted that we should situate
at the top of the lofty block of build-
ings near the river. From his win-
dows he could look out over Paris,
and he was wont to declare that the
view he received in exchange was
the most beautiful in the world. Fine
as it was, I was scarcely so enthu-
siastic in my praise.

Among other things they were re-
markable for the simplicity of their
furniture, and also for the fact that
in the sitting-room there was nothing
to reveal the occupation of their
owner. His clever old servant,
Bouasse, of whom I was told, said
would, did she but choose, make as
clever a detective as her master (she
had served him for more than 20
years), brought us coffee so quickly
that it would almost seem as if she
had been aware that we should reach
the house at that particular moment.
"We have plenty of time to spare,"
said my host. "In the meantime it
will be necessary for us to find out
what they are doing. If you will
wait I will dispatch a messenger,
who will procure us the informa-
tion."

He wrote something on a half-
sheet of note-paper, rang the bell,
and handed it to Bouasse.
"Give that to Leon," he said, "and
tell him to be off with it at once."

The woman disappeared, and when
she had gone we resumed our con-
versation. Had he not had the good
fortune to be such a great success in
his own profession, what an admir-
able actor the man would have made!
His power of facial contortion was
extraordinary, and I believe that on
demand he could have imitated al-
most any face that struck his fancy.
"And now with regard to our lit-
tle excursion," he said. "What would
you like to do? As you are aware,



TO MY OVERWHELMING SURPRISE
NOT LESS A PERSON THAN GIDEON
HAYLE ENTERED THE ROOM.

I can offer you a varied selection.
Will you be a workman, a peddler, an
elderly gentleman from the provin-
ces, or a street beggar?"
"I think the elderly gentleman
from the provinces would suit me
best," I answered, "while it will not
necessitate a change of dress."
"Very good, then, so it shall be,"
he replied. "We'll be a couple of
elderly gentlemen in Paris for the
first time. Let me conduct you to
my dressing-room, where you will
find all that is necessary for your
make-up."
He then showed me to a room
leading out of that in which we
had hitherto been sitting. It was
very small, and lighted by means of
a skylight. Indeed, it was that very
skylight, so he always declared, that
induced him to take the flat.
"If this room looked out over the
back, or front, it would have been
necessary for me either to have cur-
tains, which I abominate, or to run
the risk of being observed, which
would have been far worse," he had
remarked to me once. "Needless to
say there are times when I find it
most necessary that my preparations
should not be suspected."

CHAPTER IX.

At the moment that I saw Hayle
enter my room, you might, as the
saying goes, have knocked me down
with a feather. Of all that could
possibly have happened, this was
certainly the most unexpected! The
men had endeavored to get me out
of my way in London, he had played
all sorts of tricks upon me in order
to put me off the scent, he had bolted
from England because he knew I
was searching for him, yet here he
was deliberately seeking me out, and
of his own free will putting his head
into the lion's mouth. It was as
astounding as it was inexplicable.
"Good morning, Mr. Fairfax," he
said, bowing most politely to me as
he spoke. "I hope you will forgive
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"You appeared to be fairly desir-
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"What has occurred to make you
change your mind so suddenly?"
"A variety of circumstances have
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thinking the matter over, and not
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of this hole-and-corner sort of game,
I have made up my mind to settle it
once and for all."
"I am glad you have come to that
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"You knew them, then, when they
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"Kiltwater a missionary? You must
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too ludicrous. I'll admit he's done a
considerable amount of converting,
but it has been converting other peo-
ple's money into his own pockets."
He laughed at his own bad joke,
and almost instantly grew serious
once more. He was quite at his
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story, or supposed story, of his rhi-
nality, seemed in no way abashed.
"Now, Mr. Fairfax," he went on,
"I know that you are surprised to
see me this morning. But I don't
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a little talk together. First and fore-
most, you have been told the story
of the stones I possess."
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sion of it," I answered, cautiously.
"I know that you robbed my clients
of them and then disappeared."
"I did not rob them of the stones,"
he said, not in the least offended by
the bluntness of my speech. "It is
plain that you do not know how we
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that you should not, for there's more
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No!" He obtained them, honestly
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nese came down upon us and made
us flee for our lives. I found that
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I expected you to come out and
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failure of my plot was no end of a
disappointment to me. I had ex-
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"Upon my word, Mr. Hayle, if I
cannot appreciate your actions, I
must say I admire your candor. I
can also add that in a fairly long ex-
perience of misdeeds, I have never
known a man so honest as you."
"Why not say criminals at once, Mr.
Fairfax?" he asked, with a smile.
"I assure you I shall not be
offended. We have both our own
views on this question, and you, of
course, are entitled to air yours. You
are about to observe that—"
"That in all my experience I had
never met anyone who could so calmly
open to an attempt to murder a
fellow-being. But supposing we now
come to business."
"With all my heart," he answered.
"I am as anxious as yourself to get
everything settled. You will admit
that it is rather hard lines on a man
who can lay his hands upon a quar-
ter of a million of money to have a
gentleman like yourself upon his
trail, and, instead of being able to
enjoy himself, to be compelled to re-
main continually in hiding. I am an
individual who likes to make the most
of his life. I also enjoy the society
of my fellow-men."
"May we not substitute 'woman'?"
I said. "If an affair of a quarter
of a million would not last very long
if you had much to do with Miss
Beaumarais."
"So you have heard of her, have
you?" he asked. "But you need not
have any fear. She does not eat dog,
and that charming lady will not de-
spise me of very much. Now to an-
other matter! What amount do you
think your clients would feel inclined
to take in full settlement of their
claim upon me?"
"I cannot say," I answered. "How
many of the gems have you realized
upon?"
"There were 60 originally," he said,
when he had consulted his pocket-
book. "And I have sold 50, which
leaves a balance of 10, all of which
are better than any I have yet dis-
posed of. Will your clients be pre-
pared to accept \$20,000, of course,
given without prejudice?"
"Your generosity amazes me," I
answered. "My clients, your part-
ners, are to take \$25,000 apiece, and
while you get off scot-free, after your
treatment of them, with \$200,000."
"They may consider themselves
lucky to get anything," he retorted.
"Run your eye over the case, and see
how it stands. You must know as
well as I do that they haven't a leg
to stand upon. If I wanted to be
nasty, I should say let them prove
that they have a right to the stones.
They can't call in the assistance of
the law."
"Why not?"
"To be continued."

He—"Carrie, I believe you think
I'm a fool. She—" And yet you
are in my arms in the wrong."
Boston Transcript.

Taken altogether, it was a room
that had a strange fascination for
me. I had been in it many times be-
fore, but was always able to discover
something new in it. It was a conglomeration of cupboards and
shelves. A large variety of costumes
hung upon the pegs in the walls,
ranging from soldier's uniforms to
beggars' rags. There were wigs of
all sorts and descriptions on blocks,
pads of every possible order and for
every part of the body, humps for
hunchbacks, wooden legs, boots rang-
ing from the present leather of street
dandy to the tattered foot-covering of
the beggar. There were hats in abun-
dant, from the spotless silk to the
most miserable head coverings,
some of which looked as if they had
been picked up from the rubbish heap.
There were paddles, trays filled
with all and every sort of ware,
a faro-table, a placard setting forth
the fact that the renowned Prof.
Somebody or Other was a most re-
markable phenologist and worthy of
a visit. In fact there was no saying
what there was not in it. Every-
thing that was calculated to be use-
ful to him in his profession was to
be found in the room.

For my own part I am not fond of
disguises. Indeed on only two or
three occasions, during the whole
course of my professional career,
have I found it necessary to conceal
my identity. But to this wily little
Frenchman disguise was, as often as
not, a common occurrence.
Half an hour later, two respect-
able elderly gentlemen, looking more
like professors from some eminent
Lycee than detectives, came in. They
decided in the direction of the
Folly theater. The performance was
almost at an end when we reached it,
and we mingled with the crowd
who had assembled to watch the
audience come out. The inquiries
we had made were correct, and it
was not very long before I saw
the man I wanted emerge, ac-
companied by a female, who could
be no other than Miss Beaumarais.
Hayle was in immaculate evening
dress, and as I could not but admit,
represented a handsome figure in the
world. A neat little brougham drew
up beside the pavement in its turn,
and into this they stepped. Then the
door was closed upon them, and the
carriage drove away.

"That's my man," I said to my
companion, as we watched him pass
out of sight. "To-morrow morning
I shall pay him a little visit. I think
you were quite right in what you
said about the money. That woman
must have made a fairly big hole in
it already."
"You may be quite sure of that,"
he answered. "When she was
finished with him there will not be
much left for anybody else."

"And now to get these things off
and then home to bed. To-morrow
will in all probability prove an ex-
citing day."
I accompanied him to his room and
reminded him of the disguise which he
asked me to see Hayle without his
being aware of my identity, and
then, bidding my friend good night,
returned to my abode. Before I
went to bed, however, I sat down
and wrote a report of my doings for
Miss Kiltwater. Little as I had to
tell, the writing of this letter gave
me considerable pleasure. I could
imagine it coming like a breath from
another world to that quiet house at
Bishopstowe. I pictured the girl's
face as she read it, and the strained
attempts of the tears which I had
less to say, would hang on every
word. When I had finished it I went
to bed, to dream that Gideon Hayle
and I were swimming a race in the
Seine for five gigantic rubies which
were to be presented to the winner
by Miss Kiltwater.

Next morning I arose early, went
for a stroll along the boulevards,
and returned to breakfast at eight
o'clock. In the matter of my break-
fast, I am an essentially English
man. Most begin the day with a
good meal, or I am not a man. On
this particular occasion I sat down
on the best terms with myself
and the world in general. I made an
excellent meal, did the best I could
with the morning paper, but my
French is certainly not above re-
proach, and this, considering the
should set out to interview the man
whose flight from England had
proved the reason of my visiting
Paris. Then the door opened and the
concoquer entered with the words:
"A gentleman to see monsieur!"
Next moment, to my overwhelming
surprise, no less a person than Gide-
on Hayle entered the room.

At the moment that I saw Hayle
enter my room, you might, as the
saying goes, have knocked me down
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"That's the first time I have ever
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Paracalm
Relieves Instantly, Cures Quickly
BURNS, CUTS, BRUISES,
SORE MUSCLES, SWELLINGS AND INFLAMMATIONS.
Good for that Sore Feeling.
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At all Good Drugists.
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CITY DRUG STORE,
G. W. CROVER, Manager.
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S. E. Corner Public Square,
Farmington, Mo.
PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

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pected to see the men I had sent
after you, and instead I found you
yourself."



A CAR DROVE UP AND THE GENTLE-
MAN HIMSELF ALIGHTED.

would you have spent an exceedingly
uncomfortable quarter of an hour in
that doorway in Hollywood street?"
This was indeed the case. So he had
been aware of my presence there? I
put the question to him.
"Oh! Yes! I knew you were there,"
he said with a laugh. "And I can tell
you I did not like the situation one
bit. As a matter of fact, I found
that it required all my nerve to pre-
tend that I did not know it. Every
moment I expected you to come out
and speak to me. I can assure you the
failure of my plot was no end of a
disappointment to me. I had ex-
pected to see the men I had sent
after you, and instead I found you
yourself."

"Upon my word, Mr. Hayle, if I
cannot appreciate your actions, I
must say I admire your candor. I
can also add that in a fairly long ex-
perience of misdeeds, I have never
known a man so honest as you."
"Why not say criminals at once, Mr.
Fairfax?" he asked, with a smile.
"I assure you I shall not be
offended. We have both our own
views on this question, and you, of
course, are entitled to air yours. You
are about to observe that—"
"That in all my experience I had
never met anyone who could so calmly
open to an attempt to murder a
fellow-being. But supposing we now
come to business."
"With all my heart," he answered.
"I am as anxious as yourself to get
everything settled. You will admit
that it is rather hard lines on a man
who can lay his hands upon a quar-
ter of a million of money to have a
gentleman like yourself upon his
trail, and, instead of being able to
enjoy himself, to be compelled to re-
main continually in hiding. I am an
individual who likes to make the most
of his life. I also enjoy the society
of my fellow-men."

"May we not substitute 'woman'?"
I said. "If an affair of a quarter
of a million would not last very long
if you had much to do with Miss
Beaumarais."
"So you have heard of her, have
you?" he asked. "But you need not
have any fear. She does not eat dog,
and that charming lady will not de-
spise me of very much. Now to an-
other matter! What amount do you
think your clients would feel inclined
to take in full settlement of their
claim upon me?"
"I cannot say," I answered. "How
many of the gems have you realized
upon?"
"There were 60 originally," he said,
when he had consulted his pocket-
book. "And I have sold 50, which
leaves a balance of 10, all of which
are better than any I have yet dis-
posed of. Will your clients be pre-
pared to accept \$20,000, of course,
given without prejudice?"
"Your generosity amazes me," I
answered. "My clients, your part-
ners, are to take \$25,000 apiece, and
while you get off scot-free, after your
treatment of them, with \$200,000."

"They may consider themselves
lucky to get anything," he retorted.
"Run your eye over the case, and see
how it stands. You must know as
well as I do that they haven't a leg
to stand upon. If I wanted to be
nasty, I should say let them prove
that they have a right to the stones.
They can't call in the assistance of
the law."
"Why not?"
"To be continued."

He—"Carrie, I believe you think
I'm a fool. She—" And yet you
are in my arms in the wrong."
Boston Transcript.

FARM-GARDEN
SOLAR WAX EXTRACTOR.
Run Will Be the Work Just as Well
If Not Better Than the Kitchen
Stove.
Every person who has one or more
colonies of bees will have use for a
wax extractor of some kind. There is
more or less danger connected with
rendering wax on the kitchen stove,
it is better to let old Sol do it for us
without risk or expense. Make a box
12 by 18 inches square 6 or 8 inches
deep with a glass cover to fit tight
and around the top edge of the box
and fastened with screws for hinges
so as to raise or lower the extractor
in order to receive the direct rays of



SOLAR WAX EXTRACTOR.
The sun. Bore a row of small holes
into the bottom at the front end, to
let the honey drip through into the
box; take a sheet of tin and bend
into the box, the upper edges of the
tin to rest on two strips of wood about
one inch from the top of the box, the
lower middle of the tin not to go
lower than two-thirds of the way
down. Fasten to one end of the tin
a piece of wire acting for a strainer.
The tin should not be nailed into the
box, as it must be occasionally re-
moved to be cleaned of the refuse
which will accumulate. If one has
thick honey to separate from the
comb this is a novel way: Just fill the
extractor and it will gradually melt
the wax and the honey will run through
into the box. For increased heat put
on the south side of a building—F. S.
Herman, in Economist.

SILK WORM CULTURE.
Many Sections of the United States,
Especially in the South, Are
Adapted to It.

Bulletin No. 181, of the Raleigh (N.
C.) experiment station gives a con-
densed history of the culture of the
silk worm, with interesting facts
about the business as now carried on
in North Carolina. Silk worms were
domesticated in China about 2700 B.
C., and that country is still the great-
est producer. Italy, Japan, India and
France following. In 1771 the sil-
k industry was taken up in New York,
New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and in
1820 it was introduced into the cen-
tral west. The government issued a
manual of silk growing in 1925, and
the business became popular along
the Atlantic coast, an extensive busi-
ness being done in the sale of mul-
berry trees at high prices by nursery-
men as food for silk worms. A se-
vere frost in 1841 killed nearly all of
the trees. The United States is the
out the silk business in the north.
There are, however, suitable varieties
of mulberries that will stand north-
ern winters, and acceptable tem-
porary foods, such as alfalfa, lettuce,
cultivated hemp and some of the
legumes. The latest idea along this line
of horseless vehicles is the farmer's
trolley road, which will make it pos-
sible for the raiser of produce to come
to town with his load, dispose of it
and return home without the aid of his
team, the electric current being made

WISDOM IN PARAGRAPHS.
Arrange to go to the state fair this
season, and take the boys and girls
along, too.
Right now is a good time to haul
out the manure and scatter it on
grass or grain stubble.
Plenty of shade from trees or
sheds in pastures will save many
pounds of flesh during fly time.
Don't remind your best neighbor
of his faults. He likes to be "jolted"
just the same as other people.
If there is some especially disagree-
able job to do about the farm give
it to the boy to do; the hired man
might object to doing it.
If there is some work that must be
done on Sunday, keep the boys at
home to do it. Hired help some-
times object to having their Sunday
plans broken into—Prairie Farmer.

Yankee Implements Abroad.
Our exports of agricultural im-
plements have grown enormously in the
last few years, but the demand is great-
er than ever, because many foreign
countries are just beginning to use
modern machinery. We exported last
year machinery amounting to \$16,312,
614; the shipments to Europe were \$10,
430; to North America, \$2,908,562;
to South America, \$1,797,972; to
Oceania, \$1,010,101. Of the \$28,272,418
worth of cotton manufactures exported,
\$6,028,925 went to North America,
\$6,355,381 to Asia, \$3,321,494 to South
America, \$2,737,596 to Europe, and
\$974,784 to Oceania.

A Dangerous Month.
This is the month of coughs, colds
and acute catarrhs. Do you catch
cold easily? Find yourself hoarse,
with a tickling in your throat and an
annoying cough at night? Then, you
should always have handy, a bottle of
Ballard's Horehound Syrup. J. A.
Anderson, 324 West 5th St. Salt Lake
City, writes: "We use Ballard's
Horehound Syrup for coughs and
colds. It gives immediate relief. We
know it's the best remedy for these
troubles. I write this to induce other
people to try this pleasant and efficient
remedy." 25c,